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02x09 - Accentuate the Positive

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **03/22/02 00:27**

[We open with some serious a*s ramming. It appears that Brian is f*cking a guy. The guy is on his hands and knees, gasping. You can see other people. Brian looks up and leans over to his right. Justin leans in. They kiss. Justin's got his own d*ck toy as he and Brian make out. They break away and lean back to ride in unison. Pan down to the two guys getting f*cked. One wears a cross around his neck. As he reaches orgasm, the cross twinkles in the blue light.]

[Babylon. Lots of feathers and boas and jungle prints. Emmett, Ted, and Michael stand on the catwalk, overlooking the scene.]

Emmett: I haven't seen Brian.

Michael: He's with Justin. It's date night.

[Ted yawns audibly.]

Emmett: I'm sorry we keeping you up.

Ted: No, it's the business. Working day and all night it's not the same as punching in 9-5 at Workshafters.

Emmett: But just think - you're a success.

Ted: But I have not much time to enjoy it.

Michael: You need something to make your eyelids open.

Emmett: Yeah, like him.

[Cut to a pretty blond boy in a tiny t-shirt standing off to the side]

Ted: Yeah, right! Those Norse God isn't interested in me.

Michael: You're never know unless you try.

Ted: Sure, what the hell. I'm too tired to care.

Emett: What a boy!

[Ted walkes to the blond boy.]

Ted: Hi, how's goin'?

[The blond won't even look over in Ted's direction.]

Ted: I'm Ted. Maybe you could use this as a paper or something. [he's giving his card]

Man: jerkatwork.net. Is that you?

Ted: Right. I'm the president.

Man: Thor. How's about hooking up?

Ted: You and me? You got it.

[Ted walks back with the boys.]

Emmett: He gave you his number?

Ted: That success is the ultimate aphrodisiac.

Michael: Oh, sh*t!

[He sees Ben dancing in the confetti below.]

Emmett: Well, if it isn't the hunkiest professor in the whole wide world.

Michael: Thank you for making me so much better!

Ted: You did the right thing. Ben is positive.

Emmett: Positively yummy!

Ted: There are plenty f*ck guys out there that you don't have worried about.

Emmett: C'mon, let's dance.

[Michael watches Ben dance, and a bit of drool almost falls from Mike's lips to the top of Ben's head.]

Michael: [v-o] "It's true there a lot of f*ck guys out there but I didn't date a few."

[The Diner. Michael speaks without a pause. Mel, Lindsay, and are there.]

Michael: The only problem is they're not Ben. I can't stop thinking about him I'm upset!

[Cut to Brian at the same table with Gus.]

Brian: And I'm trying to eat.

Lindsay: It make it worse that you don't have somebody to replace him.

Michael: It's my own fault. I shouldn't let my own influence by other people.

Mel: Obviously you had your doubts or you would have told them all to f*ck ourselves.

Lindsay: There's probably some truth in that, Michael.

Michael: You think it's too late?

Brian: [loud] You know, I ordered my eggs with bacon ! [normal voice] Not group therapy. If you want Ben back, go f*cking get him! [Brian stands up.]

Debbie: Hey, you're bacon! Well, then I'll eat it. Oh, oh, those poppy dog eyes does mean one thing - boy trouble.

Lindsay: [mouths] Ben.

Debbie: Honey, the right guy will come along. You'll see. And when he does you'll be right there with your big warm heart. And that face that you just pinch like a peach. Right? Don't forget - Monday night Ziti night.

Michael: Great. That I'm be fat and single.

[Brian's loft. His sister with her two sons are there. They fight and bicker around Brian's expensive apartment. The kids break something.]

Claire: I'm telling you Brian, she's drop me out of my mind. I told you two to behave!

Peter: He did it!

John: No, he did!

Peter: f*gg*t!

John: h*m*.

Brian: Sit down and keep shut up. Or I make sure your ba*ls never drop.

Claire: Well, I do everything for her. Did she appreciate it? Did she ever says thank you? All she does is crisitice. I'm meaning nothing is good enough for her.

Brian: Why don't you k*ll her? Every jury on earth will convicted you. They all have mothers at her own.

Claire: I have a better idea. You deal with her. You put up with her demands, her drinking which has more since daddy died.

Brian: She's celebrating.

Claire: Brian, you drive her to the doctor, to church, to get her hair done.

Brian: f*ck that sh*t!

[The kids laughs.]

Claire: [to them] Shut up! She's your mother too. You can't just stick me with her.

Brian: It works so far.

Claire: Well not any more. I've looked after her, after both of them ever since we are kids. Were you are scot-free. Now even you help me out Brian or I swear she's yours. ALL yours. [to the kids] C'mon, let's go.

[Back in Pornland, Ted's expanded his business to include four different video images at once. Emmett's just getting off work wearing a hardhat and a tool belt.]

Emmett: Well I've done Cop, Cowboy, Indianer. All the Village People. [Ted's completely asleep.] Teddy? Hey.

Ted: Huh?

Emmett: Baby, you are exhausted.

Ted: Invoices, payroll. Conucil receivable. It's like Workshafter's times of thousand. I've supposed to meet Thor the impaler tonight. I'm too tired to get even up.

Emmett: Honey, you are in Biz. You're d*ck is at your fingertips.

[He tosses him a bottle of prescription medicine.]

Ted: "Viagra". I ever know if I have a winning score when it comes to drugs.

Emmett: I understand your reservation and normally I would agree with you. But, huh, but this stuff is for old pensioner. They can f*ck like one who is thirty. Even you should f*ck like someone who is eighty.

Ted: You ever tried it?

Emmett: Well when you operate you must be have the equipment.

Ted: And?

Emmett: At least for few hours at tops. And long enough for a night you will never forget.

[Mikey is stalking Ben. He's standing outside Ben's apartment. Ben walks up.]

Ben: Hey Michael.

Michael: What a coincidence my running into you.

Ben: Not really, don't ya? Well, nice to see you.

[Ben goes to the door. Mikey follows Ben.]

Michael: The truth is I've been walking up and down the block for two hours waitin' for you.

Ben: You like to come up?

[Inside Ben's apartment, the camera settles on a "Buddha" statue.]

Ben: Can I get you something to drink?

Michael: No, thanks. [Michael see this statue.]

Ben: Oh, a friend of mine gave me this. Rubs the belly, it brings luck.

Michael: Is it work?

Ben: Can't hurt.

Michael: I've been thinking about you, a lot.

Ben: I thoughed about you to.

Michael: Yeah? I think I may overreacted. You know you've been positive. I listen to a lot of people, but I should listen to myself. Anyway I'd like to start again. I mean if you're not seeing anybody. You aren't seing someone, are you?

Ben: No.

Michael: Good, then... we pick up where we left of.

[Mike leans in for a kiss, but Ben stops him.]

Ben: Look, I appreciated you coming and see me. And everything you've said that this time would be different. But I can't take that chance. I need to know that if I violate myself to love someone that their not gonna bail on me. No matter what their friends or mother may say. I need to know he will be there. So, I'm sorry, but it takes more than a kiss.

[Ted calls up Emmett.]

Ted: It's been an hour since I've took it.

Emmett: Well, there are not hard or firm rules when it comes to this things. It'll happens when it happens.

Ted: I don't want anything to happen 'til Thor arrvied. [Ted gets another call, and the split-screen shatters into three boxes.] Hold on. Hello?

Thor: It's me, Thor.

Ted: So,... when you... coming over.

Thor: I can't. My dog throwing up. I got to take it to the hospital. Christ Lulu! - She did it again. I got to go.

[He hangs up.]

Emmett: Ted?

Ted: That was Thor. Lulu's throwing up.

Emmett: Who's Lulu?

Ted: Oh god! I'm getting hard.

Emmett: There you see, it's working. - Oh, it's working(!)

Ted: Yeah, uh uh, what do I do now?

Emmett: What do you mean what do you do now? You need a manual? Honey, I've seen you in action. We've all seen you in action. I'm sure you've come up with something.

Ted: Thanks.

[Emmett hangs up and dunks himself into the tub as Ted frets about his d*ck.]

[Mrs.Kinney kicks back a dainty stiff one as Brian fiddles with an ancient radio.]

Brian: It's quite early, isn't it?

Mrs.Kinney: Just something to calm my nerves. When was the last time I saw you?

Brian: Christmas.

Mrs.Kinney: You've stayed for an hour and broughed my flowers. The same ones. Mmmh, we better go. We don't wanna be late.

Brian: For what?

Mrs.Kinney: Church.

Brian: Church?

Mrs.Kinney: Claire said you take me.

Brian: I never said that. What a b*tch!

Mrs.Kinney: Brian, do you had such a language!

[Brian shoves the flowers (still wrapped) into a vase without water and pouts.]

Brian: Why do you don't go at the eight o'clock service?

Mrs.Kinney: Well, I've switched to the moon ones. It's more traditional. And we have that wonderful new minister.

[The rap music continues as Mrs.Kinney sips another drink.]

Mrs.Kinney: Are you comin'?

Brian: Hell, no.

Mrs.Kinney: Fine. I'm go myself.

Brian: You can't go like that.

Mrs.Kinney: Darling, I've managed quite well on my own without you, without anyone my entire life. Truly, I can do it. I don't need you.

[The rap music takes over... and it comes from an urban basketball court. A basketball game is in full effect, and Ben appears to be the only white guy on the court. Passing and dodging. You see the occasional basket. Ben gets a rebound. Mike's there, cheering in surprise.]

Michael: The NFL should signs you up.

Ben: Uh, that's Football.

Michael: Right, right I mean the NBL.

Ben: There is no NBL.

Michael: OK, I don't know anything about Basketball. Cause if you don't noticed I'm q*eer.

Ben: Well, I love Basketball. And in case you've noticed I'm q*eer to.

Michael: Oh, I've noticed.

Guy: OK, guys, I've got to go.

Michael: I'll cover.

[Mikey awkwardly dribbles with both hands over to where Ben's standing.]

Michael: Alright, let's play ball!

Guy#2: I'll covered Mighty Mouse.

Ben: C'mon, these guy will k*ll you. Give me the ball.

Michael: No.

Ben: I've said give me the ball, Michael!

Michael: Not until you agree go out with me, tonight.

Guy#2: Pardon me, give me the ball!

Michael: Sure time, Godzilla.

Guy#2: Huh?

Michael: I'm not handing over the ball until he agrees to go out with me on the day.

Ben: Are you out of your mind?

Michael: You let my mother really need to ask that?

Guy#2: I suggest you say yes, because if he's like the b*tch I got at home, we're gonna be standing here all day.

[Brian's walking his mother to church. They find a seat in the front. Brian looks at the large crucifix on the wall.]

Brian: Jesus. Told him to lay off the Slim-Fast.

Mrs.Kinney: Shh, behave yourself! When was your time last in church?

Brian: It's been a while.

Mrs.Kinney: Whenever I come here I feel a sense of calm, you know peace, knowing that I watched over, protected, safe.

Brian: Yeah, but a good security system what do the same job and longer and cheaper than all those money you dropped in the collection plate over the years.

Mrs.Kinney: Wait until you see the new minister. I can't tell you what a great comfort he has been since your father died. He calls, he visits, he makes sure I'm all right. Oh, he's been...like a son.

Brian: Well, for his sake I sure hope you don't treat him like one.

Mrs.Kinney: Here he is.

[The new minister walks in. We're all treated to a flashback of Brian f*cking the sh*t out of the new minister. Everyone in the congregation sits back down except Brian, with visions of minister plums still dancing in his head. Brian sits down and can't control his titters.]

[Music swells as the camera sweeps over a sleeping Ted. Fresh from a wonderful night's sleep, he stretches with a giant grin and looks down to find...his enormous b*ner!]

Ted: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

[The church. Ted's screams are overlapped with the droning of the church bell.]

Mrs.Kinney: Wasn't he wonderful? I want you to come and say hello. I've told him all about you. I told him how successful and good looking you are. He just dying to meet you. Reverend Tom.

[Reverend Tom turns around and hugs Mrs.Kinney.]

Rev.Tom: You never miss a single sunday.

Mrs.Kinney: Not for a world! You never guess who's with me - my son.

Rev.Tom: That's wonderful.

Mrs.Kinney: I'll introduce you. Brian, this is Reverend Tom Butterfield.

[The recognition is instantaneous.]

Brian: Reverend Butterfield. My mothers told me so much about you. It's uncandy, but it feels like we're already met.

Mrs.Kinney: Oh, excuse me. Uh, Ruth!

[Brian, one foot still inside the church, lights a cigarette.]

Brian: Great service.

Rev.Tom: I'm glad you enjoyed it.

Brian: I meant, at the baths.

Rev.Tom: I don't know what to say.

Brian: Me neither. I f*cked practically everybody in this town but this... [lauhgs] is a first.

Rev.Tom: I would appreciated if you keep this between the two of us.

Brian: You think I'm gonna tell my mom? She's even know that I'm g*y. And I haven't talk to your boss for years, so don't worry, Rev. You're secret safe with me.

[Lindsay and Mel's house. All guys, expect Ted, are eating with the Lesbos.]

Mel: So, you f*cked your mother's minister?

Justin: You should have seen it; it was totally hot.

Lindsay: Isn't he taking just quite a chance?

Brian: The average age of his parishioners is a hundred and two. A doubt there hanging out at bath.

Emmett: I want onces be a priest. But I didn't want to live his life cloistered away in a roomful of men. Excuse me.

[Emmetts cell phone rings. It's Ted's erection, just outside, wearing a trenchcoat. He whispers fiercely.]

Ted: [whispers] It's me.

Emmett: "Teddy?"

Ted: [whispers] Sssh!

Emmett: "Where are you?"

Ted: [whispers] At Mel and Lindsay's front porge.

Emmett: What are you doin' at the front porge? Why aren't you come in?

Ted: Because I don't want the other to see me. I need to talk to you. So just slip outside and check on

the wheater. But promised, promised, promised me you come alone.

[Emmett opens the door with everyone standing there. Ted keeps his back turned.]

Mel: Come and have some brunch.

Ted: Uh, no. No thank you. I just need to talk to Emmett and then I'm be on my way. [whispers] I still have an erection(!)

Emmett: What do you mean you still have an erection?

Ted: Thank you, CNN. I took Viagra last night. It's been eighteenth hour and it won't be down. What I'm gonna do?

Emmet: You tried soaking it?

Lindsay: How about a cold shower?

Brian: How about scaring it?

Justin: That's the hiccups.

Brian: Boo!

Ted: Thank you all for caring.

Mel: Why you do something that would absolutely scaring you off?

Brian: That's a great idea. Why don't you two showing him your t*ts?

Mel and Linds: Brian!

Ted: [to Emmett] You said it would last a few hours tops.

Emmett: Go figured.

Justin: [to Brian] Maybe you should take some. Our sex life isn't what it use to be. We're down like four times a day!

Ted: I've got to do something!

Emmett: OK, ok.

Brian: Well just try to make it next Monday.

Emmett: What is next monday?

Brian: Flag day.

[Brian's loft. Justin and Brian f*ck.]

Justin: [gasps] I can't... believe... you f*ck... me... again.

Brian: [gasps] It was... your idea... to steal Ted's... Viagra.

[Just as they finish, there's a pounding at the door. They collapse on each other as the knocking continues.]

Justin: Are you gonna answer?

Brian: That'll go away.

[Brian decides to answer the door. It's his mother. Brian mostly hides behind the door.]

Brian: Mom!

Mrs.Kinney: I'm sorry. Am I disturbing you? I was gonna leave this here by the door with the note. But then I though as long as I am here...

Brian: ...and you might bang on this door million times and driving me nuts until I answered.

Mrs.Kinney: It's your favourite! Chocolate, chocolate chip.

[Brian let her in. Mrs. Kinney puts the cake on the counter.]

Mrs.Kinney: It's just my way to say thank you for goin' with me to church. I can't tell you how much it meant.

Brian: Well, let's do it again. Soon.

Mrs.Kinney: I know you don't mean that. And I probably won't see you again for another six months. If you had any idea how lonely it gets know that your father is gone. I'm all alone night and day by myself. The phone never rings. If only we can be close. The way we wants were.

Justin: Brian? Are you coming back?

Mrs.Kinney: I didn't know there were someone else here.

[Justin walks down, half-naked and covered in sweat as well. Justin's nursing his a*s as he walks down the steps]

Brian: Justin this is... my mother. Mom, this is Justin.

Justin: [smiles] Hi.

[Mrs.Kinney runs to the door. She pushes the call button for the elevator. Brian walks closer to her.]

Brian: Mom? What? Are you weren't gonna talk to me?

Mrs.Kinney: Thank god your father didn't know.

Brian: He did. I told him before he died.

Mrs.Kinney: What about your sister? [silence] So you've told everyone but me. I hope you know it's a

sin.

Brian: That I f*ck guys or that I didn't tell you?

Mrs.Kinney: You make all jokes you want. The Bible makes it clear. You're goin' to hell.
[Emmett and Ted are at some doctor's office.]

Emmett: What... what is it, doctor?

Doctor: That's quite a b*ner you've got there.

Ted: Nothing like the expert diagnosis of a train medical professionel.

Emmett: Shhh. But doctor why, why won't get it down?

Doctor: It's a prepism. A blood clot to the p*nis.

Ted: Oh my god.

Emmett: Well, it's better than a blood clot in the brain.

Ted: Unless you think with your d*ck!

[We can see the doctor flicking Ted's p*nis through the backlighting of the curtain.]

Doctor: This is extremely unusual! One for the medical journals.

Emmett: Or the Guinness Book of World Records.

Ted: Shut up! So your recommendation?

Doctor: Are you have any pain?

Ted: No.

Doctor: You can try to decongestant.

Ted: A decongestant? I have a p*nis in a state of permanent for stage alert not for a stepped up diangosis. Isn't there nothing like cut eggin' you can do?

Doctor: Well actually there is. We could insert twice wide needles of the shaft and brain the blood.

Ted: You know decongestant is very effective for me.

Emmett: But when will it go down? Doctor? A week? A month? A year?

Doctor: Hard to say. Sorry.

[Karaoke bar. Someone's butchering "Hot Stuff." Ted drinks a beer with Emmett and the other guys.]

Guy: # Hot stuff,

I need some hot stuff

I want some hot stuff

Ted: And I need a stiff one. [Brian laughs] The other kind.

Emmett: Don't worrying. You heard what the doctor said. It will go down.

Brian: Yeah, mine did.

Justin: Yeah, thanks to your mom. She can make anyone lose their hard-on.

Ted: Can I get her number?

Michael: She just needs a little time to get used to it.

Emmett: What, that her baby boy sucks hot, hard c*ck?

Ted: And loves it!

Brian: She's probably praying for my soul as we speech with Reverend Buttfuck. Well he's the one she believes in. The one she trust, the one that's been like a son to her. She only knew.

Ted: Well, don't worry. God's still loves you. No matter what.

Brian: Yeah, like I give a sh*t what God thinks about me. He should worried about what I think of Him.

Michael: How you figured that?

Brian: In all these cold, dead universe we're the only ones that exists. Without us He's nothin'.

[Then Ben walks in. Michael gets up and going to the door.]

Michael: You came!

Ben: I said that I would, didn't I?

[Mike joins Ben and gives him a hug.]

Michael: Come over here and meet the guys.

Ben: Wait. I thoughed this was only you and me.

Michael: It is. C'mon.

["Hot Stuff" guy keeps getting butchered. Mike shows Ben off. Everyone says hello except Ted.]

Michael: Hey guys, look who's here.

Ben: Hey guys.

Justin: Hey Ben.

Ted: Forgive me for not standing.

Brian: He already is.

Emmett: So did you guys just happened to run into each other?

Ben: Actually...

Michael: No, I'm invited him. He's my date.

Ted: Well, I thoughed you two...

Michael: We did, but I'm hoping we're got back together again. Anybody got a problem with that? [no-one say a word] Glad to hear it. [to Ben] How about you?

Guy: # Hot stuff,

I need your hot stuff #

Thank you. Thank you to me lover. You're all the hot stuff I need.

[all cheers.]

Emmett: Well, this was... so movie. Wasn't it movie? Well I think it takes real courage to stand up and singing for your love, off-key.

Ben: I got to go.

Michael: But you just got here.

Ben: You said, let's get together and we did. Be careful, Michael.

[Ben heads to the door. Just as Ben's about to leave, we hear someone pretending to singing a mostly off-key rendition of "Ben". Mike's standing on the stage, lip synching the words. The entire bar is quiet. Michael sings a song for Ben. The g*ng is quiet and watch him in shock.]

[Outside. It's dark and night. Ben and Michael goes through the park.]

Ben: Well, I've learned a lot about you in last days.

Michael: Like what?

Ben: You can't play basketball, and he can't sing.

Michael: It's pretty amazing how untalented I am, isn't it?

Ben: I did not say that. OK, I admit it, it took a lot of courage to get up there. Hell, it took ba*ls.

Michael: But I told you I know what I want and I'll do anything to get it.

Ben: You mean me.

Michael: Yeah, I mean you.

[They kiss each other.]

Ben: Alright, I tell you what. Diner tomorrow night at my place. I will make you a chicken set that will make you weep.

Michael: Cool. - sh*t!

Ben: What?

Michael: I promised my mother I have diner with her and my Uncle Vic.

Ben: Some other time then.

Michael: No! No. Diner, tomorrow night.

[Disco church! Brian sits in the empty hall watching Reverend Buttfuck.]

Brian: Hello Reverend. I just came in for a few quit moments to say a prayer.

Rev.Tom: Well, then don't let you disturb you.

Brian: You see I have this terrible burden.

Rev.Tom: And what is that?

Brian: My mother recently discovered that I'm a... h*m* and... she thinks I'm goin' to hell.

Rev.Tom: That is a problem.

Brian: What she doesn't know is that so is the minister. Not only that and this is the part your never gonna believe. I actually had him - myself. Down on all fours, squealing like a pig.

Rev.Tom: I don't think this is the time or the place to have this kind of discussion.

Brian: What would she say if she knews that a man of God is at the bath and taking up the a*s?

Rev.Tom: I understand your feelings of anger, of pain. But there have nothing to do with me and with this church. That have to do with you and your mother.

Brian: You knew a sh*t about my mother.

Rev.Tom: I know a lot more than you. I spend time with her and I talked to her and I try to offer of comfort.

Brian: Like telling her that I'm burn in hell.

Rev.Tom: I don't teach that lesson. I teach love. I teach truth.

Brian: The truth is your a g*dd*mn liar.

Rev.Tom: Brian, I you want to betray me if that's what you need to do? Then you doin'. But I know who have to answered to and it isn't you. Now get the f*ck out of my church.

[Book store. Brian holding Gus on his arm.]

Brian: So which piece of whimsical fiction would you prefer, Sonny Boy? Grimm's Fairy Tales or the Bible.

Lindsay: If you gonna struck by lightning I appreciated if you do when Gus and I aren't around.

Brian: It's all what it is - a book. Full of fairy tales made by a bunch of Bibel hitchers. The world's been k*lling itself over it ever since.

Lindsay: So who's the latest victim? Your mother minister?

Brian: She shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.

Lindsay: But the truth by the Saint Brian? So what do you hope to accomplished with your truth? You destroy him, which case you know different than a so called good christian...

Brian: [to Gus] Doesn't mommy talk nice? All those big words. She has a right to know.

Lindsay: That he's g*y? So how come your never told her about yourself?

Brian: Because my private life is not her g*dd*mn business.

Lindsay: Neither is the ministers. So tell her. Take away the one thing she's got.

[At Debbies. In the kitchen.]

Debbie: Do you think I made enough?

Vic: It depends what you mean with enough. If you mean enough for the entire population of the western hemisphere then... yeah you made enough. Now relax, will ya?

Debbie: Relax?! My son is bring home someone to meet us without my even askin'. At his request! When was the last time this were happen?

Vic: Uh...

Debbie: It never has! So this could be the one. The guy he wants to live with.

Vic: Wouldn't it be a kicker if Brian walked through that door?

Debbie: Well you get your meds adjusted.

Michael: Ma? Uncle Vic?

Debbie: God, he's here. Sweetheart. Hi baby!

[Ben's back is turned, so Debbie doesn't see him right away, but once she does, it gets all quiet as she

tries not to scream and cry right in front of him. Ben gives her flowers.]

Michael: You remember Ben?

Debbie: ...sure...Hi Ben.

Ben: Hey.

Michael: Ben, this is my Uncle Vic.

Vic: It's a pleasure to meet you.

Ben: Same here. Oh, these are for you.

Debbie: Well thank you. There's lovely.

Vic: Well? If we're gonna stand there, come on in.

[Brian sits in a pew beside his mother. She's praying.]

Brian: Mom! Imagine I found you here!

Mrs.Kinney: I'm prayin', Brian.

Brian: For my soul?

Mrs.Kinney: I always include you in my prayers.

Brian: What a pal.

[He takes off his jacket and plops beside her. She tries to ignore him, but she can't, because he keeps coughing. Mrs. Kinney unclasps her hands and sits back beside him.]

Mrs.Kinney: Now then, what do you want?

Brian: There is something I thoughed you might like to hear. I seen this would be the perfect setting.

Mrs.Kinney: I hope you've come to ask forgivenness.

Brian: Not exactly.

Mrs.Kinney: It's the only salvation there is.

Brian. What about the salvation army?

Mrs.Kinney: I always though you were so smart, so clever, so much better than everybody else. For all the cleverness in this world isn't gonna help you...

Brian: Safe it for your f*g-free afterlife.

Mrs.Kinney: Oh, alright. Go ahead, mock me. Mock my faith, mock God. You don't different than your father. He used to mock me, too. He called my a saint. Said I was as stone cold as one.

[Brian laughs.]

Mrs.Kinney: It's hard to love a man who's never giving you a kind word in thirty years. He's rather spend times with his friends, drinking than with me. He not cared about his family. He didn't even want me to have you.

Brian: I know the story.

Mrs.Kinney: You may have heard it but you don't know it. You don't how I had put up with his abuse. You don't know how I had to protect you from him. You don't know how I had to let him hit me instead of you. You don't know that, do you?

Brian: I don't want to hear that.

Mrs.Kinney: No, of course not. You couldn't be bothered. You never could. Because you're selfish.

Brian: It's not true.

Mrs.Kinney: I'm sorry to say it, but it is. All you ever cared about was yourself. I kept depend on you anymore than I depend on him. But there is someone I count on, no matter what.

Brian: Let me gues, Reverend Tom.

Mrs. Kinney: God. God will always be there for me. God will never let me down. Who can you say that about?

[Debbie's house. Debbie is politely listening to small talk, but her wiggling ankle's giving her away.]

Ben: I mind my mom never did anything to help us. She couldn't join P-FLAG right. She had to the chapter president.

Vic: Sounds familiar.

Michael: I bet you two have a lot in common, mom.

Debbie: Uh-huh. Anybody hungry? I am.

[She leaves the room. Butt shot on Mikey as he walks into the kitchen.]

Michael: You need any help?

Debbie: No.

Michael: Ben's awesome, isn't he?

Debbie: Awesome. Where's my g*dd*mn cheese grater?

[She starts grinding cheese.]

Michael: I like him, mom. I like him a lot.

Debbie: I know you do, sweetheart. I like him,too. He's handsome, charming, smart, and probably works out twice a week. I just don't like him for you. And friendly I don't appreciated you ambushed me.

Michael: I did not ambush you!

Debbie: You know how I feel about him. I made it perfectly clear. You don't even bother to tell me you bring him in!

Michael: I don't need your permission.

Debbie: Listen, this is still my house. And in my house you still say, 'Mother may I?'.

Michael: I love him, mom. That's the reality. And you just gonna have to live with it.

[Back in the living room. Debbie sits quietly at the head of the table.]

Vic: God, I missed New York. I lived there for all the years, you know. What's that bar on the westside? "The Works". You ever go there?

Ben: Well, you kidding? I grew up around the corner.

Debbie: So how long you've been positive, Ben?

Michael: Mother?

Debbie: Is just like to know.

Ben: That's ok. I'm fine with that. 5 years.

Debbie: What your T-Cell count?

[Michael throwing his fork away.]

Ben: Six hundred.

Debbie: Even been hospitalized?

Ben: Not not yet. [he knocks wood] Not would.

[Cut to Vic, who's staring straight ahead.]

Debbie: Viral load?

Ben: Undetectable.

Debbie: On the c*ck?

Ben: Anti-virals.

Michael: What the f*ck you think you're doin'?

Debbie: This is the reality, sweetheart. And you're just gonna have to live with it.

[Babylon. Men douse themselves with bottles of water. Emmett and Ted walk out on the dance floor.]

Emmett: It's great that you up in the world. You know you never let your get down.

Ted: I wish something would get it down.

Thor: Hey Ted. Listen I'm sorry for the other night.

Ted: I know. How's Lulu?

Thor: Turns out she had eat my shorts. Caused her tummy great distress.

Emmett: You know that same thing happens to me.

Thor: So, you're up for a little action?

Emmett: He's up for it, all right.

[Ted leaves with Thor. Emmett dances in a very sexy, very fun way. In the back, Thor grabs Ted's crotch.]

Thor: Wow, some monster.

[He goes to his knees and pulls down Ted's pants. Ted leans back happily. Just as Ted groans, Thor gets upset.]

Thor: Hey.

Ted: Is something wrong?

Thor: It's going down.

Ted: It is. It is! It's goin' down! I'm soft! You made my d*ck soft!

Thor: You have to broadcast it?

Ted: [screams] Hey, I'm soft! It's soft!

[Ben and Michael go back to Ben's place.]

Michael: It's supposed to be a diner not the f*cking Spanish inqueersition. She knows lots of positive people.

Ben: But none that dating her son. She just tryin' to protect you.

Michael: I don't need anybody to protecting me.

Ben: I try tell that. What she was asking you have a right to know. I'm in good shape now. But I can't promise that he always will be.

Michael: But there is not always there is only now. That's all we have. Isn't this what you're always telling me?

Ben: That's what I'm always telling you.

Michael: So then... I don't care what anyone else says and feels. I just care how I feel.

[Michael and Ben kiss without tongue. Ben takes off his shirt. Michael takes his own shirt off and pecks at Ben's neck and shoulders. Ben lies back on the bed as Mike unwraps a condom.]

Ben: I need you be very sure.

Michael: [smiles] I am sure.

[He puts the condom on Ben and they roll over. Ben takes Michael's leg over his shoulder. Michael pants and looks a bit surprised. They kiss. Then it gets all blurry. Focus on the Buddha.]

[Babylon. Justin dancing on the crowd.]

Justin: Hey, a double!

Brian: Two double Jim Beams.

Rev.Tom: Let me take that.

Brian: That's a first. A clergyman buying someone else a drink.

Rev.Tom: Your mother tells me you were at church.

Brian: Yeah, but not for the reason you think.

Rev.Tom: Whatever the reason thank you.

Brian: For what?

Rev.Tom: For not sayin' anything.

Brian: I didn't do it for you.

Rev.Tom: You're a good son.

Brian: Promise not to tell. Now if you'll excuse me I'm...going to hell.

[Brian dives back into the dance floor with his booze and his boy. The minister watches Brian kiss and dance with his young boyfriend.]

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